M. Manlius Capitolinus.

Neſcia mens hominum Fati, ſortiſq; futuræ
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno *tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum*
Intactum Pallanta, *& cum ſpolia iſta, diemq;*
Oderit----- Virg. Æn. 10.

AMBITION is a Plant, that's always found
To root the deepeſt in the richeſt Ground;
Fair to the Sight the op'ning Bloſſoms riſe;
The Fruit's forbidden, and who taſtes it, dies.

This, *Manlius*, was thy Guilt, this urg'd thy Doom;
Once ſtyl'd *Retriever* of invaded *Rome*.
When thy ſucceſsful Arms oppos'd the *Gaul*,
Jove to thy Care conſign'd his Capitol.
But black Deſigns obſcur'd thy riſing Fame,
And quickly left thee nothing but the *Name*:
Elſe mightſt thou ſtill in Camps have loll'd at Eaſe,
Fat with the Spoils of plunder'd Provinces;
Still the brib'd Senate, and the frantick Crowd,
With Votes and Ballads, had thy Deeds avow'd:
But 'twas too fierce an Ardor for Renown,
T'aſpire to Regal Purple, and a Crown-------
That Rock which gave thee Glory, prov'd thy Doom,
And was at once thy Trophy, and thy Tomb.

Sold by *John Morphew*, near *Stationer's-Hall*, 1712.